

THE 1890 CLUB.

The Murphey-Brotherton Question Talked About.

TRUSTEE CHAIRMAN CLARIDY TALKS

About the Club and Its Purposes—What It Has Done and What It May Do—The Pending Campaign.

The 1890 Club furnishes a good deal of gossip.

The Murphey-Brotherton controversy has revived interest in its doings.

Chairman Olin Claridy, who waited on Captain Brotherton in the interest of the club the other day said:

"For several days past the public has been led to believe that war exists in the ranks of the 1890 Club. This statement does the club an injustice. The 1890 Club is composed of over 1,400 members, and it is but natural that out of so large a membership, even composed of the best citizens of Atlanta, as this club is, some dissatisfaction as to policy and officers might arise from time to time, but as a general thing the 1890 Club has been free from this dissatisfaction."

About the Ball.

"When the 1890 Club built its present splendid quarters over a year ago, there was a deficiency of over \$900 at its completion. This amount was promptly met by the president of the club, Colonel A. A. Murphey, out of his own pocket, expecting the club to pay it. He has not received neither demanded any interest upon it. He has asked the club often to reorganize and elect a new president during the last eight months.

"Four months ago at a regular business meeting of the club I read a communication addressed to me by Colonel Murphey from Macou, Ga., in which he said, 'I am not only not a candidate for re-election, but I do not positively accept the place if unanimously tendered me, as I think some else should brave the brunt of the fight for us.' The communication, together with other considerations caused the club to undertake to pay this delayed and just claim of Colonel Murphey. He also agreed to donate \$200 of this amount to the club, together with his services as a lawyer for defending a suit against the club, through both the superior and supreme courts of this state, which any reputable lawyer would have charged not less than \$200 for."

The Raising of the Money.

"Colonel Murphey's proposition, as laid before the club in writing, was to resign as president and accept \$100 and transfer the lease to the board of trustees. This the club accepted, and at once undertook to raise the money by popular subscription. This undertaking was turned over to a finance committee of which I was chairman, and the committee approached the various services that Captain Brotherton could render, called in his aid which he cheerfully agreed to give. Now comes the secret of the so-called war in the club. Captain Brotherton, for some cause, did not like Colonel Murphey, and as the efforts of the finance committee were about to be crowned with success, the amount of about \$500 having been paid over to Captain Brotherton with his services, the chairman of the 1890 Club, Captain Brotherton comes forward and puts a new condition upon the payment of the money, which had been collected for the purpose of canceling the just claim of Colonel Murphey against the club, and demands that he be requested to resign his membership also, or in other words be kicked out. Captain Brotherton, who had certain rights in the club, made this # condition. Now, the 1890 Club, not a Murphey faction or any other faction, but the club, its entire membership almost to a man, including Captain Brotherton's own personal friends, as developed at the meeting last Thursday night, demand from Captain Brotherton the names of these members and demand that the money, from these contributors, if there were such, be spurned with contempt and returned to the persons offering it on these conditions.

An Uskand Proposition.

"The 1890 Club, whatever else may be said of it, will never sacrifice one of its true members, though he be the humblest citizen of Atlanta, for a gift of gold. And this proposition or this condition upon which Captain Brotherton will pay over the money, so unjust and so unkind that it has some indignation of every true member of the club, as it should. Even those who have not admired Colonel Murphey are indignant at such a proposition. Captain Brotherton may return every cent so far contributed to the parties who gave it, and these kind friends of the club may withhold it if they wish, yet they will not be induced by any means by Captain Brotherton's action, still unable the present board of trustees to commence at the bottom again, and in less than thirty days the money will be in hand to liquidate the indebtedness of the club.

That Interview with Brotherton.

"As to the interview between myself and Captain Brotherton Saturday, the committee was not instructed to call at any definite time upon Captain Brotherton, but we would call him as soon as possible for the fact that Dr. Peirce, a member of the committee, was unexpectedly called from the city. My interview with Captain Brotherton, I wish to say, was very pleasant and agreeable, but it was at his own request, not mine, that I arranged for a future meeting next Tuesday between him and myself, as he stated, on Saturday and Monday when he had time with him. I wish to say, that I together with all the members of the 1890 Club, entertain the very kindest feelings for Captain Brotherton, but we think he has made a great mistake in his present course.

The Coming Election.

"After a thorough canvass of the entire membership, which has been recently made of the club, that it is more firmly united and harmonious than ever before, there is no doubt and it is not the policy of the club to create strife or dissension among our people, or to place candidates of its own selection, committed to one policy only before the citizens of this city, yet at the coming election, and at all elections where the cause of morality and temperance is concerned, the 1890 Club, with a full firm stand and vote in solid alignment for the men and measures that promise our people the greatest relief and the most wholesome laws governing especially the liquor traffic.

An Appeal for Harmony.

"One word to those who have subscribed and paid over their money for the benefit of the club and to relieve its indebtedness: If there is one man dissatisfied with the club, he must accept it, and to those who have given the good of their heart, who are willing to aid us in keeping open our hall for religious and temperance work, we ask you to come forward with whatever you feel disposed to give, and we will appreciate your gift. And to all members of the 1890 Club, please come forward and do so. Contributions may be left with myself or any member of the board of trustees, and will be promptly acknowledged."

SAB WRIGHT'S LETTER.
He Writes a Reply to the Notification of His Nomination.

Hon. Seaborn Wright, Rome, Ga.—Dear Sir: We have the honor of informing you that at a convention of the delegates from the several counties composing the seventh congressional district held at Cartersville, Ga., on the 1st day of September, 1892, you were unanimously nominated as the candidate to represent the people's party in the house of representatives of the fifty-third congress. Your nomination was seconded by a motion unanimously desired. Hoping for, and awaiting, a favorable reply, we remain yours respectfully,

E. O. STAFFORD,
M. A. BLANCE,
M. L. PALMER,
Committee.

Mr. Wright's Reply.
Hon. M. L. Palmer, Hon. J. A. Blance, Hon. E. O. Stafford.—Gentlemen—Your letter notifying me of my nomination for congress by the people's party of the seventh district is at hand.

I am grateful for this honor done me by good men, and it is with regret far beyond my power to express, that I am compelled to decline the nomination.

If a mistake was made in tendering me the nomination, I am not responsible for it. A letter from me to the delegates from my county was read to and in the presence of every member of the convention.

In that letter I expressly refused to enter the race for congress, except as an independent candidate upon the following platform:

The Platform—Labor.

1. The union of all laboring men in the United States for protection against the unjust aggressions of capital. I earnestly endorse.

2. The interests of the laboring men of the city and country are the same. They produce all wealth, and are entitled to a fair proportion.

3. I oppose all class legislation. But the great principle of 'equal justice to all, special privileges to none,' demands that this government shall extend its protection to all, and that to none, shall any class of her citizens, rich and poor alike, or deny it to all classes. The government which, in effect, looks more to a bank or a railroad corporation, than to a laborer upon a railroad, or to a laborer upon a land holder upon his land, or to a laborer upon the imperishable products of labor, is guilty of gross injustice.

4. There is not enough money in circulation to do the business of the country. Labor is often in enforced idleness, or inadequately paid, leading to poverty and deterioration. We have an immediate increase of the money of the country to \$50 per capita.

5. I believe in a national currency safe, sound and sensible, issued by the general government only, as full legal tender for all debts, public and private.

The people want a dollar that is as good in New York as it is in Georgia.

6. One-half the wealth of this country is untaxed and in the hands of 1 per cent of the population. In order that the burden of taxation may fall upon the millionaire bondholder, as it does upon the merchant, the manufacturer, the mechanic and day laborer, I favor a graduated income tax.

7. I favor an honest reform of the tariff. It should be lowest upon those articles in which we are the chief producer and highest upon all luxuries which can only be enjoyed by the rich.

Railroads.

8. I favor immediate and absolute governmental control of railroads and telegraph lines, believing in the end it will result in governmental ownership.

Land.

9. The land, including all the natural sources of wealth, is the heritage of the people, and should not be utilized for speculative purposes, and alien ownership of land should be prohibited. All lands now held by railroads, donated to them by the government, in exchange for their needs, should be re-claimed by the government, and held for actual settlers only.

Gambling.

10. Gambling in those agricultural products which are not food or raw material, should be prohibited by imprisonment in the penitentiary.

Elections.

11. I stand for a free ballot and a fair count, in all elections, without federal intervention.

Silver.

12. I favor the free and unlimited coinage of silver—the democratic dollar of the fathers. I would endorse you as an independent candidate for this platform, as I am the candidate of a party upon another platform. I do not want an office. If I did, I could accept your nomination and have a seat in the legislature.

The gang of political cormorants in Rome who charge me with ambition for office, have yet to learn that there are aspirations not to be judged by the blackness of their own souls, but by the whiteness of their own.

"Upon democratic principles, God is my judge, I am a democrat forever." As I stood then I stand now, but the man who calls the Chicago combination of slush and imbecility a democratic platform, is wilfully and pitifully blind.

I say that your platform, in its spirit of earnest sympathy for the poor, is more democratic than any platform ever offered.

As I stand now, in the past, your friend, I join in none of the abuse heaped upon you and your leaders.

Your greatest leader in the tenth district is a friend of ours, a man of the people, an independent, who stands to the right of congress.

Captain Brotherton has changed since then. In those days, without display, intrepid, fearless, he always went where duty called him.

The good people of Atlanta, who have been so unkind to him, have not been so unkind to every true member of the club, as it should be.

Even those who have not admired Captain Brotherton are indignant at such a proposition. Captain Brotherton may return every cent so far contributed to the parties who gave it, and these kind friends of the club may withhold it if they wish, yet they will not be induced by any means by Captain Brotherton's action, still unable the present board of trustees to commence at the bottom again, and in less than thirty days the money will be in hand to liquidate the indebtedness of the club.

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Contributions may be left with myself or any member of the board of trustees, and will be promptly acknowledged."

BOLLES & BRUCKNER'S
School-Book Depository.

Fathers and mothers can rely upon having their children promptly waited upon during the rush for School Books.

Spacious store and attentive clerks.

All kinds of School Supplies at lowest prices.

MARIETTA ST.,

Nearly opposite the artesian well.

515 Peachtree Street.

ATLANTA.



FALL STYLES—

SILK, STIFF AND SOFT FEAT HATS

NOW READY.

There are more MILLER HATS work in New York by the stylish trade than any hat in the market.

A. O. M. GAY & SON,

SOLE AGENCY MILLER HATS.

ATLANTA.

Beck & Gregg Hardware Co.

35 to 41 N. Poyr St.

AGENTS FOR—

VICTOR BICYCLES

FOR MEN.

VICTORIA BICYCLES

FOR LADIES.

If you are interested in wheels, call at our storerooms and examine the

"VICTOR."

For easy riding, strength, durability and speed it is today the most perfect wheel produced, made by the

Overman Wheel Co.,

the largest factory in the world, and

the only factory that makes every part used in the construction of their wheels, fully warranted for twelve months.

A full line of sundries and all

of repairing done by expert

work.

Perfection of Pure Hand

Made Sour Mash Old and

Mellow.

Bluthenthal & Bickart

"B & B."

44 & 46 Marietta St. Phone 378

SELLING "Canadian Club" Whiskey,

Old Spice Pepper,

Joseph Schlitz,

Pilsener Milwaukee Beer.

FOR

Ware & Owenses,

7 Broad St. Corner Alabama St.

We have a pretty lot on Hill street, near Glynn, lot 44, on which we will build a nice large house to accommodate a large family and monthly installments with a small cash payment.

We are offering some elegant homes on Jackson street at various prices.

\$100 cash and \$25 per month for nice new 3-room houses, 10x15, 12x15, 14x15, 16x15, 18x15, 20x15, 22x15, 24x15, 26x15, 28x15, 30x15, 32x15, 34x15, 36x15, 38x15, 40x15, 42x15, 44x15, 46x15, 48x15, 50x15, 52x15, 54x15, 56x15, 58x15, 60x15, 62x15, 64x15, 66x15, 68x15, 70x15, 72x15, 74x15, 76x15, 78x15, 80x15, 82x15, 84x15, 86x15, 88x15, 90x15, 92x15, 94x15, 96x15, 98x15, 100x15, 102x15, 104x15, 106

THE MACHINISTS.

Something About Their International Association.

IT HAD ITS START IN THIS CITY

And Now Extends All Over the Country—Some of the Prominent Men Connected with It.

Labor Day, which Atlanta observes today, is a fitting occasion upon which to consider the part Atlanta has played in trade organization.

One of the most powerful trade organizations in the world had its origin but four years ago in this city. It now has 307 lodges, extending from the northern woods of Canada to the southern limits of Mexico.

The machinists, therefore, look upon this city as their Mecca, for here they first found brotherhood, and here their first grand lodge held its session.

The Organization Effect.

It was in the spring of 1888 that half a dozen machinists working in this city met accidentally and began a friendly chat. The

machinists and single men who have no homes in this city.

Honor to Whom Honor is Due.

The names of the men who were thus instrumental in founding a great order should be remembered. The twenty-three charter members of Atlanta lodge are as follows:

T. W. Talbot, dead; W. L. Dawley, Fred Horne, John Wilby, R. W. Bone, H. F. Garrett, Jeff McKen, Charles Ott, Fred Castle, John Pendleton, dead; Mike Riley, J. A. Murry, George Dampenon, W. E. Mitchell, John Dockery, John Boone, W. H.

Blackman, Wm. Borrie, A. Lang, William Forsey, dead; John McDonald, E. F. Adams.

The first officers were:

T. W. Talbot, first grand master machinist.

W. L. Dawley, secretary.

F. C. Castle, foreman.

L. M. Smith, past master.

W. H. Blackman, treasurer.

T. H. Murphy, outside guard.

The present officers are:

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J. Callahan, W. R. Owen.

He is a Brave Man.

T. W. TALBOT.

Founder of the Order.

tax drifted to the unsatisfactory state of their craft, and brought out surprise that so strong a body of mechanics should never have had any organization.

The result was an impromptu call for a meeting on the 5th of May, 1888. It found present twenty-two men who resolved to establish the first union in the world of machinists. They elected officers and went to work to draw in the other machinists of the city. Soon the order spread and applications for charters came in from other cities, until the Atlanta banding became a rugged, strong-sheathed youth.

The Grand Lodge Meets.

The first grand lodge was held in Atlanta, with Mr. T. W. Talbot as first grand master machinist. It was removed to Richmond, Va., on Mr. J. G. Cremon being appointed grand master machinist. He held this office for the term of two years and was succeeded in the last grand convention

by Mr. John O'Day, of Indianapolis, Ind., with Mr. W. L. Dawley as grand secretary.

Within the last three years its growth has been phenomenal, having grown from a membership of twenty-three to near twenty-three thousand, and embraces the United States, Canada, and Mexico. Its average increase of membership is 600 per month.

The order believes it to be the acknowledged right and duty of all men to better their condition; that they should equally share in the profits and comforts created by the skill and labor to which their time and health are devoted, on the protection of which depends the happiness and contentment of themselves and their dependents; believes that their rights can be better serv-

ed and maintained by organization, where by the mutual interests of all who follow a trade or calling can best be made known, and governed through intelligent rules and uniform laws founded on the universal principles of equal and exact justice to all, in which each and every member's interest individually and collectively shall be respected and protected. On these principles Atlanta Lodge No. 1 has raised her membership from twenty-three charter members to 150, which embraces about all the first-class machinists in the city.

The rooms of Atlanta Lodge No. 1 are now in the Kiser building. This lodge is now preparing a suite of rooms for machin-

ists and their families, with library connected, which will be largely utilized by visiting

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The result was an impromptu call for a meeting on the 5th of May, 1888. It

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OUR SCHOOLS.

They Will Open for the Fall Term
Today,

AND THE CHILDREN ARE ALL HAPPY

The Attendance Will Be Very Heavy in
All the Schools-The Outlook
for the Year.

The public schools of Atlanta will open their doors this morning; and the many young people will return to their studies.

Satchels and old books that were put away last June when the school term closed for the summer vacation will be gathered together and brought into active service.

Eager as children always are when the term closes to get away from their books they are just as eager to get back when the first day of the opening term arrives.

Flushed with the sport of the holidays they will scamper back this morning in plenty of time to get the best seats in the room and have them in charge when the teacher enters the building.

The day never fails to bring its excitement, and today the prevailing topic among the young people will be that of returning to school.

Atlanta has several thousand children enrolled in her schools and if all of them could get together they would make up a magnificent army.

Resolutions are always made when the year opens and all start in the first day with a resolution to stand high in their classes.

"I'm going to get a hundred this year," says one of the chaps. "I'm going to start in right and get a good report at the end of the month."

The prospects for the year are always bright when the term opens and the teacher begins by telling the boys and girls who want to be nice and have them in their classes in school. And so their heads and smile and for two or three hours, nothing moves along quietly. But just after recess Jack gets full of mischief and wants to show off, and while he is cutting up his dodecagon the teacher nabs him.

Jack was one of the boys who told his mother he was going to be a good boy. He also nodded his head when the teacher made that little talk, but Jack forgot himself and the consequence was he got a flogging the first day.

Everybody will have a chance to start in today with a good determination. The year is still ahead and no demerits have yet been recorded in the school ma'am's book, and if everything runs smoothly for the first week there will be very little trouble during the year.

The book stores will have a big run and during the afternoon they will all be flooded by the prattling army of young purchasers. The day after the schools begin the regular work and continue the routine until Christmas holidays.

Major Slaton's Office.

There was a rush for tickets in Major Slaton's office Saturday. For the time the doors were open until late in the afternoon the office was flooded with applicants.

Professor W. A. Bass, now the assistant superintendent, and Professor A. N. Wilson sat on the side of the superintendent and wrote out the tickets as fast as vaccination receipts were applied. Several hundred tickets were issued during the day.

The indications are that the schools will be crowded to overflowing.

Every ward in the city was represented in the rush and many who failed to get their certificates were turned away. No distinction was made in the applicants and the first who came were the first served, independent of who they were or whom they represented.

It was thought a few weeks ago that the Edgewood avenue school would be completed in time for the opening of the sessions, but circumstances have interfered with the progress of the work and the school will not be opened until the middle of September.

The board has leased the old building formerly occupied by the Southern Medical College for the Boys' High school and the students will report at that building this morning. Under the principalship of Professor William Slaton the school will no doubt enjoy a marked prosperity during the coming year.

A BEAUTIFUL MATINEE.

Miss Scanlan, the Singing Colleen, Repeats Her Hit.

Miss Scanlan's matinee audience completely filled DeGree's opera house Saturday. It was a beautiful audience, too, and the ladies were greatly pleased with the velvet-throated comedienne. She and her company caught inspiration from the rippling mirth of the spectators, and played with marked spirit and zest.

Miss Scanlan's songs have airs which are popular as songs are heard. One with the chorus, "He Loves Me and I Know It," was being whistled everywhere on the streets yesterday. Her songs have a quaintness which fixes the air in even the unmusical ear.

Last night's audience was a fair one in size, and just as enthusiastic as the larger audiences of the afternoon and the opening night.

Miss Scanlan and her company leave for Knoxville this morning.

PERSONAL.

Have your picture frames made at Thornton's, 27 Whitehall. First grade and lowest price.

Finest collector pictures south. The best picture frames are made by Sam Walker, 10 Marietta street. He carries a fine line of mahogany and water colors. Lowest prices new goods. Mail orders receive prompt attention.

Oct 22-13

THE LEYDEN.

A Select and Refined Home at 106 Peachtree Street.

Clean, airy rooms, choice, healthy location; cuisine and attendance would please the most fastidious; must be seen to be appreciated; is not a hotel, but a select house.

East Lake Lots.

If you want a beautiful lot on easy terms, East Lake is the place to buy. Now is the time to begin. See me at six month lots at East Lake will sell readily.

An electric line direct from the city will be built.

Every one who purchases now will have the advantage in prices.

An elegant hotel will be erected this year, also a \$600,000 opera house.

The whole place will be lighted by electricity, making it the grandest suburb around Atlanta.

For terms and prices call on or write to the secretary of the board.

T. C. HAMPTON, 15 Decatur street.

Kinburn House, Atlanta, Ga.

The Board of Health.

Have arranged for their chemist to take sanitary analyses of water for citizens of Fulton county at the rate of 25¢ for each analysis. Citizens are invited to take advantage of this arrangement and carry analyses of their well water to the laboratory of John M. McCandless, 697 old capital building.

W. S. ARMSTRONG,

President Board of Health.

9-20 1 a. wk.

Artistic.

If you want to see the most elegant display of furniture ever seen in Atlanta call at P. H. Snook & Son's warerooms this week. Three carloads beautiful Grand Rapids Chamber and Dining Room Suites with hundreds of fancy articles. Nothing like it in the south.

sun mon.

LETTER LIST.

List of letters remaining in Atlanta, Ga., postoffice unclaimed September 3, 1892. Persons calling please say advertised and give date. One cent must be paid on each advertised letter.

Ladies' List.

A-Miss Julia Andrews, 88 Cut street.
B-Mary Bell, 128 Lawson street; Miss Mary Belden, 75 Washington street; Miss L. Blanda, 159 Peachtree street; Mrs. Annie Boyd, 168 Ivy street; Miss Breton, Mrs. A. B. Breast, 65 Stonewall street; Miss Cornelia Bryant, 105 Decatur street; Miss Alice Bradley, 27-28 Marietta street.

C-Miss G. E. Christopher, Mrs. J. Clayton Mollie Cato, 128 Marion street; Mollie Cato, 200 East Hunter street; Miss Maid Alice, Mrs. Sallie Anne, 128 Marietta street.

D-Mrs. F. H. Crittall, Miss Sallie Dane, Miss Alice Fouché.

E-Mrs. F. H. Crittall, Mrs. Alice Fouché.

F-Mrs. F. H. Crittall, Mrs. Alice Fouché.

G-Mrs. F. H. Crittall, Mrs. Alice Fouché.

H-Mrs. F. H. Crittall, Mrs. Alice Fouché.

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K-Mrs. F. H. Crittall, Mrs. Alice Fouché.

L-Mrs. F. H. Crittall, Mrs. Alice Fouché.

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P-Mrs. F. H. Crittall, Mrs. Alice Fouché.

Q-Mrs. F. H. Crittall, Mrs. Alice Fouché.

R-Mrs. F. H. Crittall, Mrs. Alice Fouché.

S-Mrs. F. H. Crittall, Mrs. Alice Fouché.

T-Mrs. F. H. Crittall, Mrs. Alice Fouché.

U-Mrs. F. H. Crittall, Mrs. Alice Fouché.

V-Mrs. F. H. Crittall, Mrs. Alice Fouché.

W-Mrs. F. H. Crittall, Mrs. Alice Fouché.

X-Mrs. F. H. Crittall, Mrs. Alice Fouché.

Y-Mrs. F. H. Crittall, Mrs. Alice Fouché.

Z-Mrs. F. H. Crittall, Mrs. Alice Fouché.

Gentlemen's List.

A-Mr. Madison Abshier, 26 Piedmont avenue.

B-Mr. B. B. Bell, 274 West Hunter street; Mr. J. W. Baker, 274 Whitehall, Mr. Blackman.

C-Mr. A. Coleman, 2, 36 and 68 Whitehall street; Mr. F. C. Cooper, 2, 36 Whitehall street; Mr. John Cole, 2, North Broad street; W. P. Collins.

D-Mr. Davis, 133 Love street; J. A. Dear, George Davis, Edward Dixon.

E-Mr. William Eaton, 80 North Pryor; John M. Elliott, Box 10; Frank Evans, 304 Whitehall street.

F-A. R. Franklin.

G-Mr. A. Godwin, C. F. Gladden.

H-Jerry Hill, Captain 2, Bradley street; Charlie Hollis, Box 107; D. C. Hollis, W. Z. Hood.

I-Lewis Jackson, 300 Pryor street; Eddie Johnson, 19 Fullor street; C. J. Jackson, 303 Elliott street.

K-Dan Kirkland.

L-W. Murphy, Wade Moody, 29 Man- grove street; Washington Morris, 47 East Baker street; Rev. Tom Martin, Sr. R. J. Mills, M. M. Morris, 105 West Marietta street; W. J. Morris, 110 Forsyth street.

M-Mr. H. Peoples, C. D. Pettot, C. G. Pearl.

N-Mr. F. Rowland, S. A. Reid, J. Richard, George Ritten, George M. Rodgers, Joseph Rose.

O-Mr. D. Smith, E. Ruby Smith, Tom Sharp, J. Shad, George Sadler, Charles Steinhausen, druggist.

P-Tom Thomas, Lewis Alley, 1038; Peter Thomas, 63 Fraser street; Leard Thompson, No. 224.

Q-Mr. C. Whitaker, Edwin Wallace, 27 Marietta street; Frank White, colored; J. R. Williamson, John Williams, 105 West Marietta street; J. K. W. Wilson, White, 90 Dawson street; Miscellaneous.

Sdryers & Vary, employment agents; Southern Business Exchange, Mrs. Mann & Speer, 22-26 West Mitchell street; Love Manufacturing Company, Sewing Machine, Howe & Carlow, Georgia Grocery Company, Broor & Carlow.

To insure prompt delivery, have your mail addressed to street and number.

J. R. LEWIS, P. M.

E. F. BLODGETT, Sept.

\$6.50.

To Northern Michigan Resorts, Via C. H. & D. and Toledo, Ann Arbor & Northern Michigan Ry. Sept. 6th.

The C. H. & D. will sell excursion tickets from Cincinnati to Petoskey, Bay View, Traverse City, Benzonia, Frankfort and other Michigan resorts Tuesday, September 6th, at \$6.50 for the round trip. Tickets are good returning until September 30th. For tickets and full particulars call or address C. H. & D. agents or E. O. McCormick, G. P. & T. Agt., Cincinnati, O.

BALLARD HOUSE

A New and Elegant Hotel on Peachtree Street.

One of the best and most convenient hotels in the city is the Ballard house. Its location is just opposite the governor's mansion. It has suites and single rooms. Every convenience. The choice fare. Jan 20-21.

WHISKY AND OPIUM

An Awful Though Unintentional Error.

is that of drinking whisky and using opium and morphine. Stop! Reflect! and apply to Dr. W. W. Woodruff, 10 Marietta street, and be cured of thousands of others have been who are now free with unclouded minds and happy families. A treatise sent free to all applicants.

WANTED—Agents.

AGENTS WANTED—To take orders, salary or commission. Agents wanted to sell Wm. W. Ellingson, Barry, Mount Hope Nurseries, Rochester, N. Y.

WANTED—Advertisers.

WANTED—Agents.

WANTED—Advertisers.

TALMAGE TALKS

To Thousands in Birmingham, England,
and Elsewhere.

A CORDIAL WELCOME ACCORDED HIM

And His Words Attentively Listened to.
His Sermon Sunday at Birmingham
was an Eloquent One.

London, September 4. (Special.)—The great outpourings to hear Dr. Talmage preach continue. Probably the greatest demonstration during the past month was that at the town hall, Birmingham, when he delivered three addresses the same evening to audiences aggregating 30,000 persons. At Sheffield, Derby, Leicester, Exeter and Bristol also phenomenal audiences assembled, the most cordial welcome being everywhere accorded him. The sermon selected for publication this week is entitled: "Celestial Sympathizers," the text being taken from 1 Corinthians 15: 32: "I have fought with beasts at Ephesus" and Hebrews 12: 1: "Seeing we also are compassed about with so great a crowd of witnesses."

Crossing the Alps by the Mont Cenis pass, or through the Mont Cenis tunnel, you are in a few hours set down at Verona, Italy, and in a very few minutes begin examining one of the grandest ruins of the world—the amphitheater. The whole building sweeps around you in a circle. You stand in the arena where the combat was once fought or the race run, and on all sides the seats rise, tier above tier, until you count forty-seven elevations, or galleries, as I shall see fit to call them, in which sat the senators, the kings, and the 25,000 excited spectators. At the sides of the arena and under the galleries are the cages in which the lions and tigers are kept, without food, until frenzied with hunger and thirst, they are led out upon some poor victim, who, with his sword and alone, is condemned to meet them. I think that Paul himself once stood in such a place, and that it was not only figuratively, but literally, that he had "fought with beasts at Ephesus."

The glad day has come. From all the world the people are pouring into Verona. Men, women and children, orators and senators, great men and small, thousands upon thousands come, until the first gallery is full, and the second, the third, the fourth, the fifth—all the way up to the twentieth, all the way up to the thirtieth, all the way up to the fortieth. Every place is filled, immensity of audience sweeping the great circle. Silence! The time for the contest has come. A Roman official leads forth the victim into the arena. Let him get his sword, with firm grip, into his hand. The 25,000 sit breathlessly watching. I hear the door at the side of the arena creak open. Out plunges the half-starved lion, his tongue athirst for blood, and with a roar that brings all the galleries to their feet he rushes against the sword of the combatant. Do you know how strong a stroke a man will strike when his life depends upon the first thrust of his blade? The wild beast, lame and bleeding, sinks back toward the side of the arena; then rallying his wasting strength, he comes with fierce eye and more terrible roar than ever, only to be driven back with a fatal wound, while the combatant comes in stroke after stroke, until the monster is dead at his feet, and the 25,000 people clap their hands and utter a shout that makes the city tremble.

Sometimes the audience came to see the race; sometimes to see gladiators fight each other; until the people, compassionate for the fallen, turned their thumbs down as a signal that the vanquished be spared; and sometimes the combat was with wild beasts.

To one of the Roman amphitheatrical audiences of one hundred thousand people Paul refers when he says: "We are compassed about with so great a crowd of witnesses." The direct reference in the last passage is not a race, but elsewhere, having discussed that I take now Paul's favorite idea of the Christian life as a combat.

The fact is, that every Christian man has a lion to fight. Yours is a bad temper. The gates of the arena have been opened and another's sword may destroy your soul. It has lacerated you with many a wound. You have been thrown by time and again, but in the strength of God you have arisen to drive it back. I verily believe you will conquer. I think that the temptation is getting weaker and weaker. You have given it so many wounds that the procto will not do it, and you shall be won through Christ. Courage, brother! Do not let the sands of the arena drag you down.

But who specify when every man and woman has a lion to fight. If there be one here who has no beast to fight, let him speak out; for him have I offended. If you have not fought the lion it is because you have let the lion eat you up. This very moment the contest goes on. The Trojan celebrated the fall of the city, the Greeks despoiled, and eleven thousand wild beasts were slain, but so terrific a struggle as that which, at this moment, goes on in

many a soul. The combat was for the life of the body; this is for the life of the soul. That was with wild beasts from the jungle; this is with men.

Men think when they contend against an evil habit, that they have to fight it all alone. No! They stand in the center of an immense circle of sympathy. Paul had been reciting the names of Abel, Enoch, Noah, Abraham, Sarah, Isaac, Joseph, Gideon, and Barak, and then says: "Being compassed about with so great a crowd of witnesses."

Before I get through I will show you that you fight in a great, around which circle, in galleries stand each other, all the kindred wives and all the sympathetic hearts of the ages; at an even victory, and amid much cheering, the thundering applause of a great multitude that no man can number. Being compassed about with so great a crowd of witnesses."

On the first elevation of the ancient amphitheater, on the day of the celebration, sat Tiburcius, or Augustus, or the emperor of China. So in the great arena spectators that sat around, and in the galleries, divines, gallery, as I shall call it, sits our King, our Jesus. On his head are many crowns! The Roman emperor got his place by cold-blooded conquests; but our King has come to his place by the broken hearts, heads, and the tears, wiped away, and the souls, won back. He has come to sit in the folded arms, indifferent as to whether the swordsmen or the lion beat; but our King's swordsmen are all with us. Nay, instead of condescension I see him come down from the gallery into the arena to help us in the fight, shouting until all up and down His voice is heard: "Fear not! I will help thee! I will strengthen thee by the right hand of my power!"

They gave to the men in the arena, in the old time, food to thicken their blood, so that it would flow slowly, and that for a longer time the people might gloat over the scene. But our King has no pleasure in our wounds, for we are bone of His bone, flesh of His flesh, blood of His blood.

In all the anguish of our heart

The man of sorrows bore a part. Once, in the ancient amphitheater, a lion with one paw caught the combatant's sword, and with his other paw caught his shield. The man took his knife from his girdle and slew the beast! The King, sitting in the gallery, said: "That was not fair! The lion must be slain by a sword." Those fathers and mothers started us on the road of life. Are they careless of the birth of us? And those children, do they look out on with solid indifference as to whether we win or lose this battle for eternity? Nay, I see that child running his hand over your brow, and saying, "Father, do not fret!" Mother, do not worry. They remember the day they left us. They remember the agony of the last farewell. Though years in a heaven, though years in a hell, they remember our sorrows. They speak out now. They watch this fight for heaven. Nay, I see them rise up and lean over, and wave before us their recognition and encouragement. That gallery is not full. They are keeping places for us. After we have slain the lion, they expect the King to come, saying, "Come up higher! Between the two strongest in the arena, I wipe the sweat from my brow, and stand on tiptoe, reaching up my right hand to clasp theirs in rapturous handshaking, while their voices come ringing down from the gallery, crying: "Be thou faithful unto death and you shall have a crown."

But here a pause, overwhelmed with memory of the scene! Gallery of prophets and apostles! Gallery of martyrs! Gallery of saints! Gallery of friends and kindred! Oh, majestic circles of light and love! Throngs! Throngs! Throngs! How shall we stand the gaze of the universe? Myriads of eyes beaming on us. Myriads of hearts beating in sympathy for us. Glory! How shall we ever dare to sin again? How shall we ever feel discouraged again? How shall we ever feel disgraced again? With God for us and angels for us, and prophets and apostles for us, and the great souls of the ages for us, and our glorified kindred for us—shall we give up the fight and die? No! Son of God, who didst die to save us! No! ye angels, who have given us, and spread forth to shelter us! No! ye prophets and apostles, whose warnings startle us. Not a loved one, whose arms are outstretched to receive us. No! we will never surrender!

Sure I must fight if I would reign—

Be faithful to my Lord; And bear the cross, endure the pain, Supported by Thy word.

The saints in all this glorious war shall conquer, though they die; They see the triumph of the cross, And seize it with their eyes.

When that illustrious day shall come, And all the armies shine In robes of victory through the skies, The glory shall be Thine.

My heroes! shall we die in the arena or rise to join our friends in the gallery? Through Christ we may come off more than conquerors. A soldier, dying in the hospital, "I am up in bed all the last moments and died." Here! Here! His attendants laid him back on his pillow, and asked him why he shouted "Here!" "Oh! I heard the roll-call of heaven, and I was only answering to my name!" I wonder whether, after this battle of life is over, our names will be called in the muster roll of the pardoned and glorified, and, with the joy of heaven breaking upon our souls, we shall cry, "Here! Here!"

In the ancient amphitheater the people go so excited that they would shout from the galleries to the men in the arena: "At it again!" "Forward!" "One more stroke!" "Look out!" "Fall back!" "Huzzah! Huzzah!" So in that gallery, prophetic and apostolic, they cannot keep their peace. Daniel cries out: "By God's will I have been chosen to stand with the lion!" Daniel exclaims: "He will not suffer thy foot to be moved!" Daniel calls out: "Dear! I am with thee! He is not dismayed!" Paul exclaims: "Victrix though our Lord Jesus Christ!" That throng of prophets and apostles cannot keep still. They are in a wild, wild, wild ring with shouting and bellinghess.

I look again and I see the gallery of the martyrs. Who is that? Hugh Latimer, sure enough! Who would not apologize for the truth preached; and so he died, the night before swinging from the bedpost in perfect glee at the thought of emancipation. Who are the arms of six thousand six hundred and sixty-six? They are the Theban legion who died for the faith. Here is a larger host in magnificent array—eight hundred and eighty-four thousand—who perished for Christ in the persecution of Diocletian. Yonder is a family group, Felicitas, of Rome, and her children. While they were dying for the faith they stood unmoved, like a rock. One was snatched to death by demons; another was snatched from a rock; another was hewed.

At last the mother became a martyr. There they are together—a family group in heaven. Yonder is John Bradford, who said, in the fire, "We shall have a merry supper with the Lord tonight." Yonder is John Fox, who said, "I have ten heads, they should all fall for Christ!" The great throng of the martyrs! They had hot lead poured down their throats; horses were fastened to their hands and other horses to their feet, and thus they were pulled apart; they had their tongues pulled out by red-hot pincers; they were seared up in the skin of animals, their flesh devoured by dogs, their bones doused with combustibles and set on fire; if all the martyrs' stakes that have been kindled could be set at proper distances, they would make the midnight all the world over bright as noonday! And now they sit yonder in the martyrs' gallery. For the fires of persecution have gone out. The world is saturated and saturated with the spirit of Christ. One who was snatched to death by demons, another was snatched to death by demons, another was snatched to death by demons.

What and they all looking? This night we answer to the admiration they give, "Hail! Son and daughters of the day!"

I look again and I see another gallery, that of eminent Christians. What strikes me strongly is the smiling in companionship of those who on earth could not agree.

There is Albert Barnes, and around him the presbytery who tried him for heterodoxy. Yonder is Lyman Beecher, and the church court that denounced him! Stranger than all there is John Calvin and James Arminius! Who would have thought that they would sit so lovingly together? There is George Whitefield, the minister who would not let him come into his church, because they thought him a fanatic! There are the sweet singers, Stephen, Montgomery, Charles Wesley, Lazarus Watts and Mrs. Sigourney. If heaven had no more music before, they went up, they would have started the singing. And there, the band of China, David Abrahams, talking of China, David Abrahams, the Scudier of India saved; and David Brainerd of the aborigines evangelized; and Mrs. Adinah Judson, whose prayers for Burnside took heaven by violence. All these Christians are looking into the arena. Our struggle is nothing to theirs! We in Christ's cause, suffer from the cold? They walked Green mountains, and the mountains of the heat. Do we get fatigued? They fainted, with none to care for them but cannibals. Are we persecuted? They are amazemented. And as they look from their gallery and see us fail in the presence of the lions, I seem to hear Isaac Watts addressing us in his old hymn, only a little changed:

Must you be carried to the skies
On hollow beds of ease?
While others fought to win the prize
Or sailed through bloody seas?
Tolpady shouts in his old hymn:

Your sharp, ye trembling spirits,
Down to the pride of love divine
Bid every living awake.

While Charles Wesley, the Methodist, breaks forth in his favorite words, a little varied:

A charge to keep you have,
A never dying soul to save,
And fit it for the sky!

I look again and I see the gallery of our fathers. Many of those in the other galleries we have heard of; but these we knew. Oh! how familiar their faces! They sat at our tables, and we walked to the house of God in company. Have they forgotten us? Those fathers and mothers started us on the road of life. Are they careless of the birth of us? And those children, do they look out with solid indifference as to whether we win or lose this battle for eternity? Nay, I see that child running his hand over your brow, and saying, "Father, do not fret!" Mother, do not worry. They remember the day they left us. They remember the agony of the last farewell. Though years in a heaven, though years in a hell, they remember our sorrows. They speak out now. They watch this fight for heaven. Nay, I see them rise up and lean over, and wave before us their recognition and encouragement. That gallery is not full. They are keeping places for us. After we have slain the lion, they expect the King to come, saying, "Come up higher! Between the two strongest in the arena, I wipe the sweat from my brow, and stand on tiptoe, reaching up my right hand to clasp theirs in rapturous handshaking, while their voices come ringing down from the gallery, crying: "Be thou faithful unto death and you shall have a crown."

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STILSON, JEWELER

55 WHITEHALL ST.
Reliable Goods.
Fair Dealing.
Bottom Prices.

FALL Goods

The season has opened and we are ready to serve the public with a handsome line of men's, youths', boys' and children's clothing, furnishing goods and hats. Our clothing department has been supplied with the very latest novelties of imported and domestic fabrics, in all the latest styles, shades and designs. For elegance of finish, superiority of quality and reasonableness of prices, our goods excel. We show one of the handsomest and best selected lines of furnishings in the city.

Full dress shirts in unusual variety of figures and fancy pique, embroidered and plain hose. We desire to call attention, also, to the elegant assortment of stiff and flexible hats and fine Nutria soft, which has met the approval of all who have seen them. Notice our north side window for clothing and south side for furnishings. Give us a call and inspect our stock, whether you wish to purchase or merely to get posted. Always remember our goods are shown with pleasure.

Extra pants, ages 4 to

15 years, from 50c up.

George Muse Clothing Co.

3 Whitehall St.

THE FINEST CLOTHING STORE

—IN—

ATLANTA

TWICE AS LARGE,
Twice the Ventilation,
and Comfort,
Three times as Much Light.

Formerly

EISEMAN & WEIL,

One Price Clothiers and Furnishers.

PERFECTED CRYSTAL LENSES

TRADE MARK.
Quality First and Always.

SUITs MADE

TO

ORDER.

Lumpkin, Cole & Stewart

26 Whitehall St.

Sept 3-4-5-6-7-8-9-10-11-12-13-14-15-16-17-18-19-20-21-22-23-24-25-26-27-28-29-30-31-32-33-34-35-36-37-38-39-40-41-42-43-44-45-46-47-48-49-50-51-52-53-54-55-56-57-58-59-60-61-62-63-64-65-66-67-68-69-70-71-72-73-74-75-76-77-78-79-80-81-82-8

THE SUMMER OUTING.

How it Was Spent by the Atlanta Pleasure Seekers.

DR BEN CATCHING'S IDEAL LAND

He Pitched a Big White Tent on the Banks of Beautiful Nantahala and Lived Away the Summer.

Atlanta summer tourists are returning on every train—coming back to busy life again.

They are coming from the pearly sands along the ocean's brink; from the rapturous pleasures of the splendid summer home; from the gayety of the summer hotel; from the hazy blue heights of towering mountains; from the rural shades; moonlight walks; music; love; summer dreams and careless jollity. The summer is passing away.

"How did you spend the heated term?" Go into almost any office, any shop, any drawing room in the city and you hear that question among the tourists that have returned.

They are busy comparing notes. Those who went to Europe, who spent their summer days climbing old castles one reads about in books dated back to distant days, sailing down the Rhine or climbing the "proud Alps," are telling their friends all about the fascination of such a tour. Those who stole away to the Rockies and spent a fortnight or a month climbing the lofty



FISHING IN THE NANTAHALA.

peaks of the sunset-land are entertaining their neighbors with stories of the west.

Those who arrayed themselves in all their finery and danced away the summer with terpsichorean delights at some splendid seaside or mountain hotel are relating the fact with ecstasy and delight, and the fisherman or huntsman friend is telling his chums more fish stories than, perhaps, he will ever get forgiveness for at the bar of conscience.

Yes, they have all had a glorious old time of it this summer. The poor fellow, who was so unfortunate as to belong to the can't-get-away club plods on at his weary work with many regrets when these wonderful stories of revelry are told him.

An Ideal Outing.

Perhaps the man who has derived more genuine enjoyment and more substantial profit from his summer outing is Dr. Ben-Catching, the well-known Whitehall street dentist.

Dr. Catching believes a summer trip should be for recreation pure and simple, and acting upon the idea, he did not take his family this year to a gay summerland, where revelry lasts till an unreasonable hour at night, nor did he take it out in any too much traveling. He had tried it before—all kinds of summering.

This year he spent his summer vacation in the family tent, just as Mayor Hennihill did.

Dr. Catching, however, was not content to pitch his tent near the city and come to town every day to work in his office. He rolled up his big tent, packed with it cooking utensils and provisions, such as flour, coffee, tea and everything of the kind.

He took his family along with him and went away up into the very heart of the Blue Ridge mountain region, where the sky tower highest and not a sound obtrudes upon the meditation of great nature save the murmur of the Nantahala river as its waters flow chattering over its marble beds and along the pure white marble boulders that project high along its winding banks, looking like a stream of silver flowing zig-zag between nature's monuments, some of which are the handiwork of the choicest Indian sculptor.

In this detectable land where science and art have not fairly begun to turn up the vast quantity of rich marble for its great commercial value; where mountains climb clear to the skies and look down upon the entrancing valley below; where the sweet, fragile forest flower blooms, and the wild song birds sing joyfully the livelong day—here in a pretty gorge, Dr. Catching, the



DR. CATCHING'S SUMMER HOME.

Atlanta dentist, pitched his big white tent and began his life on the banks of the charming Nantahala.

The particular part selected by Dr. Catching is far from any railroad, and the tourists reached it by wagons from Andrews, the nearest station. It was one of those mountain regions where we stand for a moment and observe the intense stillness to be oppressed with the very quietude. The air is still, the birds are silent, the level of the sea, but on all sides were mountains so high that the sun didn't show its face until 8:30 o'clock in the morning and hid it again at 3 o'clock p. m., just taking a brief glimpse of the lovely valley and leaving the pleasure-seekers in a world of twilight from 3 o'clock till night drew down a darker curtain. This afternoon shadow so soft, and sad and beautiful is inspiring indeed, when

"The stillness lulls
The passion in our hearts—cares seem to sleep
And in this soft, sweet, blushing hour, old
And tender memories do faintly weep
Our saddened hearts and melt us into tears."

Fishing in the Nantahala.

Dr. Catching and family found all the trout fishing they could have desired in the Nantahala. The fishing was indeed great.

The trout would bite at a fly-hook, but the fisherman would have to wade in the river holding the hook in the water in advance. It was the finest fishing sport one could wish.

Wild turkeys were around the country in great profusion, and squirrels, too. In fact all manner of game was to be found on the banks of the Nantahala.

Dr. Catching built a kitchen with large chestnut bark which he found in great quantities around in the mountain forest. Everything he had to eat was on his table at each meal, for it was in easy reach. One of the most palatable beans, even pressed between human lips is the mountain gooseberry, and the blackberries of that section are very nearly as sweet and more juicy.

The Mountains.

Dr. Catching gives a glowing description of the poverty that is stamped upon the

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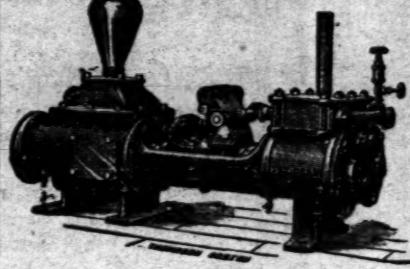
CORNER PRYOR ST. AND EDGEWOOD AVENUE.

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20 Years of marvelous success in the treatment of MEN and WOMEN.

Dr. W. W. Bowes
ATLANTA, GA.,
SPECIALIST IN
Chronic, Nervous, Blood
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YOGOCOCE and Hydrocodone permanently cured in every case.

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BLOOD AND SKIN DISEASES, Syphilis and its effects, Ulcers and Sores.

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URETHRAL STRICTURE permanently cured without cutting or caustics, *as home*, without interruption of business.

Send a stamp for book and question list. List of business references furnished. Address Dr. W. W. Bowes, 21 Marietta St. Atlanta, Ga.

Receiver's Sale.

IN COMPLIANCE WITH AN ORDER

granted by the superior court of Glynn county, Georgia, August 25, 1892, to advertise for bids on the stock of hardware belonging to the Brunswick Hardware and Paint Company, I hereby invite and announce that I am ready to receive bids for the entire stock or a part of same. Bids will be received for cash or on credit terms, not to exceed one month, with sufficient security to satisfy the court. None will be accepted until approved by the court.

Said stock consists of paints, sash, doors, blinds and windows, timber, chisel axes, rail carriages and shells, Winchester and Marlin rifles, revolvers, weed bows, mattocks, shot, babbitt, plow steel, woodenware, table and chair legs, and other hardware.

Right of way, mule and wagon and other fixtures. The right to reject all bids is reserved. Address WILLIAM H. BERRIE, Receiver, Brunswick, Ga.

Dated at Atlanta, Ga., August 2, 1892.

Aug 31-92

ANGIER HOUSE,

27 Capitol Square.

One of the highest and most desirable locations in the city, overlooking the state capitol grounds. Pure air and good breeze. The family and their wives are now here, and intended to stay. Just the place to live and feel at home. Rates reasonable.

July 24-31

W. O. JONES'S FINE STABLES.

Located at 41 South Forsyth Street. For first-class livery of every description go to W. O. Jones. The finest horses and most stanch relatives. Everything new. Best stables in the south for boarding horses.

Special rates for school and summer.

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Solid Oak Chamber Suites for \$15, beautiful Cheval suits in endless variety. Big bargains all through the house this week.

P. H. Snook & Son.

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School Books.

and all school supplies at John Miller's, 30 Marietta street, opera house block.

Sept. 5-4.

Mrs. Winslow's Soothing Syrup reduces inflammation while children are teething. 25cts.

Beecham's Pills cure sick headache.

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